

# A TALE of RED ROSES

By  
**GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER**

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## CHAPTER II.

Molly invites an Additional Guest.

"**W**HERE are the red roses, Molly?" asked Bert Glider as he walked into the reception parlor of Marley's pretentious big house that night. "I don't know," replied Molly, much concerned. "Did you send some?" "No, but I thought some were to be sent to you," laughed Bert. "It's too good to keep, Fern. By the way, that Fern just slipped and you'll have to pardon me for it. It's Molly's fault. She never called you anything else."

"Who is it?" demanded Molly, more eager to hear the news than he liked to see. "The information is highly important, if true, and I must not be kept in suspense."

"Hold on to something, then," he warned her. "One, two, three—Sledge!" "Sledge?" she repeated. "What?"

"That great big—She paused for lack of words, and her face flamed suddenly scarlet with indignation. "Sledge," he joyously insisted, and then, to the puzzled Fern, "You remember the big fellow whose car stopped just abreast us last night?"

Mr. Glider, who as a boy had been an expert in pulling the wings from flies, went straight on with the slaughter, seizing immediately the glorious opportunity which presented itself when Mr. Marley, brave in smoking jacket and pumps, sauntered into the parlor.

"Great news, Marley!" hailed Bert, beaming with delight upon the joyous laughter of Fern. "Molly has captured a new honor for the family. Whose do you suppose is the latest scalp at her belt?"

"It might be almost anybody," returned Marley, who felt that his mother-in-law's popularity reflected somehow on himself. Who is the particular victim you have in mind?" and he laughed in advance.

"Sledge," exploded Bert. "By the way, Marley, he gave you a hint of it too. From the way you today while I was there for an inspection to Molly's party tomorrow night or something like that."

"Well, not exactly, but he did throw out some pretty strong hints," answered Marley, with a grin, as he turned from the parlor into the reception parlor. He asked permission to call on Molly. "I told him that was up to her."

"How intensely considered," observed Molly, before he had time to say more, the rising tinge which had driven the blush from her cheeks and left them almost white.

The stories told of a thin faced and thin leaved young man with a painfully intellectual countenance, stalked past the hallway parlor in answer to a below stairs ring and returned from the front door with.

"Mr. Sledge sir to see Mr. Marley." "Show him into the library," hastily directed Marley, suddenly contrite and feeling a sinking horror, as did all the others in the room of having this man face to face with Molly, especially after the crimes against her, of which they had themselves been guilty.

The instructions were too late, however. "Good evening," rumbled the deep voice of Sledge, who just then appeared directly in the center of the opening in the portieres. He wore an ivory lace topcoat, the open front of which disclosed a marvelous expanse of white shirt front, speckled with diamond studs, the glitter of which paled, however, by contrast with the enormous solitaire which illuminated the solid gold watch fob presented to him by the Young Men's Marching club of Ward G. His hair was pressed as smoothly to his skull as an earnest Italian barber could plaster it, and various angry specks on his cheeks told how microscopically he had been shaved.

The growing triumphs of his toilet, however, he carried in his right hand, held by a wide velvet ribbon, in the same huge fingers which clutched the gold headed cane presented by the Capital City Sledge club, a thirty dollar box of candy, two feet across, wrapped with six beribboned layers of fancy paper and provided with an absolute mass of drawers and partitions. In his left hand he carried a speckless silk hat of the latest French shape, and that arm encircled a conical parcel, so big that it would have staggered a small man, while from the upper end of the cone protruded a square yard of screaming red roses.

"Good evening, Miss Molly," he added, becoming more specific. "I brought these for you myself," and he beamed the cordial good will upon the entire assemblage.

It was in this breathless crisis that Molly Marley, aggravated beyond endurance, took her momentary revenge. "How perfectly delightful!" she cried, and she swept toward him with more eager cordiality than she had ever be-

fore. "We've just been talking about you," and then to the intense consternation of her father and her foremost savior, she added, "I want you at my party tomorrow night. Won't you come, please?"

The next day Sledge, Molly's pet, like the way of many good dogs, fell into the hands of the official dog catcher and was taken off to the pound. Molly was in a pitiable state. She appealed to her father. He told her that he was busy. In her desperation and hardly knowing why she did it, she telephoned to Sledge. One of Sledge's men said that he was very busy. But when he heard it was Molly he jumped into an automobile, accompanied Molly to the pound and got Sledge. On the way home Sledge talked of his dog Bob, and Molly shivered when he said he'd like to match Bob against

Smash. As if nothing her displeasure, he changed the subject to Molly's party, and for the hundredth time Molly was sorry she invited him.

A yelp on the front porch announced the arrival of Ben Sledge, and he appeared in the brilliantly lighted hall, holding a tightly stretched chair, to the other end of which was attached a one-eyed, stub eared, battle scarred bull terrier, which took such a violent dislike to the intellectual faced Marley butler that Sledge was compelled to hold him clear of the door with one brawny hand and spank him loudly in the ribs with the other, whereupon Bob gave a single yelping promise to be good, and Sledge let him down.

"This is Bob, Miss Molly," introduced Sledge. "I'm sending him right back with Mike, but you said you'd like to see him."

"Delighted to meet you, Bob," laughed Molly, stooping down and patting him on the sunny head.

Bob deliberately batted his good eye with all the effect of a wink and wagged his absurd stump of a tail by way of friendly greeting, then he suddenly made a lunge of about four feet and strained, choking, at the end of his tongue hanging out, with his tongue hanging out. From the rear of the lot he had heard the bark of the suspicious Sledge.

"Where's Mike?" demanded Molly, hastily and in some fear.

Bert Glider and five of the eight couples whom Molly had invited had already arrived and were now, of course, thronged eagerly in the doorway.

"What's your hurry, Molly?" snickered these joined Dicky Reynolds. "Hold your caller till I run out and get Smash. He knows me."

"Don't you dare!" shrieked Molly, distrusting him with good reason.

Bob assented his throat enough to answer the challenge from the kennel, and there he was, left in the doorway except those Peters, who clung to him.

"What with you, Mike?" offered eagerly the White Angels, with a echo of Dicky Reynolds.

"If you don't mind, I'll go and get him," said Molly, and she returned, leading the dog.

"I brought these for you myself,"

way of friendly greeting, then he suddenly made a lunge of about four feet and strained, choking, at the end of his tongue hanging out, with his tongue hanging out. From the rear of the lot he had heard the bark of the suspicious Sledge.

"Where's Mike?" demanded Molly, hastily and in some fear.

Bert Glider and five of the eight couples whom Molly had invited had already arrived and were now, of course, thronged eagerly in the doorway.

"What's your hurry, Molly?" snickered these joined Dicky Reynolds. "Hold your caller till I run out and get Smash. He knows me."

"Don't you dare!" shrieked Molly, distrusting him with good reason.

Bob assented his throat enough to answer the challenge from the kennel, and there he was, left in the doorway except those Peters, who clung to him.

"What with you, Mike?" offered eagerly the White Angels, with a echo of Dicky Reynolds.

"If you don't mind, I'll go and get him," said Molly, and she returned, leading the dog.

entirely propensities.

The rest of the boys were for keeping up the good work, but Sledge cut short the ineffectual hysteria by picking up Bob by the neck, returning to the door and booming into the night the silent, potent syllable

"Mike!"

A squatty man, who looked so much like Bob, even to a mottled eye, that they could have been taken for twins, emerged from the darkness, tucked Bob to his bosom like a brother and hurried away.

Fern and Molly looked at each other with dismay. If this was the start of the evening what else might they expect?

"Why didn't Mike take them both away?" whispered Fern. "You poor girl!"

"I'm not," denied Molly fiercely. "I said this morning that I'd like to see Bob and, of course, Mr. Sledge brought him. The only trouble is he's so quick."

"He's instantaneous," corrected Fern. "You have to admire it," laughed Molly. "Well, the only thing I can do is to be as game as he is. And upon Sledge's return from some careful directions to an unseen companion of Mike's she introduced him to her friends with all the sprightliness of which she was capable.

In that process she firmly intended to make him the center of things and to see that he had a good time. He relieved her of that tremendous burden, however, for after moving through the introductions with a cordial ease which not only delighted but surprised her, until she was reminded that he had been introduced to more notable than she would probably ever see, he quietly disappeared into Marley's den and smoked fat cigars in calm comfort, with a stein of cool beer at his elbow, leaving the young people to enjoy their hilarity without the damper of his presence.

Molly, mindful of her duties as hostess, dropped in occasionally to see that he was satisfied, and each time she found him in exactly the same position, as placidly contented as he could possibly have been in the little back room of the Occident saloon. On one of her visits, after answering in the affirmative her inquiry if he was all right, he rose from his comfortable nest in the big leather chair.

"I suppose we eat," he guessed. "I think you'd call it bluff," she laughingly returned.

"I get you," he replied. "Mostly decorations. Sometimes?"

"The usual,"

"Hand me these," and he thrust into her hands two bundles of small envelopes, red ones and white ones.

She looked at them blankly a moment.

"I get you," she smiled, flushing slightly as she wondered whether her adoption of his phrase was entirely correct. "Red ones, in honor of the roses, are for girls, and the white ones for the boys. What are they?"

"Aw, nothing much," he diffidently replied as he resumed his seat. "Send them to the grand opera week in the red ones and for the Athletic club fights in the white ones. About two is it all right?"

"Is it all right? It's glorious," she assured him, with shining eyes.

Delighted with this unmitigated novelty, Molly was herself placing the red and white envelopes at the cover in the dining room when Bert Glider found her there and closed the door after himself.

"Molly, you're carrying this Sledge joke too far," he hotly charged.

"Who elected you?" she quietly wanted to know and laid a white envelope at his place with extreme care, angling the corner of it just so.

"Both of us, I hope," he stated, displaying a warning signal by pulling at the top of his collar to give his throat more room. "Molly." And he advanced toward her.

The symptoms were unmistakable. Molly, having rounded the end of the table, slipped out through the pantry door and handed her remaining envelopes to the intellectual looking butler.

"Place these on the table just as I have done. Alternate red and white ones," she kindly directed, and the next time Bert saw her she was the live center of the laughing taffy pulling. She had preferred to escape rather than to treat this matter either seriously or flippantly when she was annoyed with him.

At 11:30 Mr. Marley, with the worry of eight absent mothers on his own shoulders, was fretting over some invention to send them home when the earth split open in the wide stretch of vacant land across the street and ejected into the sky, with a loud, unearthly noise, a tremendous assortment of fiery meteors, mostly red. Roman candles in reckless bunches shot up from behind every bush, skyrocketed dragged their spiraling tails through all the available circumference, while fancy bombs carried their aerial floaters and other brilliant pyrotechnical surprises into all the celestial territory hitherto unoccupied.

Through it all Sledge stood as immovable and as impassive as if he had been glued to the spot and frozen. Even when the display flowed out into the middle of the highway and piled up the street cars for two blocks in both directions he remained a calm and disinterested spectator. The president of the traction company was thrown into extreme agitation by this excess of zeal, for he had some consideration for the feelings of the public, and he rushed right out to restore the scattered schedule.

"Here, what's this?" he demanded of a demon with a smoke blackened face. "Why are you hauling up the cars?"

"Sledge's orders," replied the demon, lighting the fuse of a red rose set

piece. "He said everything went, and it's going."

Mr. Marley came back. Sledge was no longer on the porch. Molly had slipped in to wrap up some cake for Betty Peters, and Sledge, who seemingly saw nothing, had followed her.

"Well, is your party a wrap?" he anxiously inquired.

"It's a scream," she said, unable to control her laughter. "Really, Mr. Sledge, I have you to thank for the most extravagantly joyous occasion at which I have ever had the good fortune to preside."

"We'll open her another notch next time," he confidently promised her. "Molly, marry me!"

"Oh, it's impossible!" she blurted. "Really, I'm sorry, Mr. Sledge. I know it's my own fault, but I didn't mean it to go this far. I don't mean that—that is, well, I don't know what I mean. You've been so good, and I do appreciate it so, but it is impossible. I simply couldn't. Don't you see?"

"You'll come around to it," "I bet I don't!" she blazed. "What'll you bet Smash against Bob?"

"Anything you like!" she angrily agreed, furious enough to poison him. "You're on," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NEW MEXICO NOTES.

A body of twenty prospective Elks have been gathered at Raton and if enough others can be secured a degree team will come down from Denver to initiate them into the order.

O. D. Gephard, night chief dispatcher for the Santa Fe at Raton, left last night for El Paso where he will take a position as assistant superintendent for the E. P. & S. W. His wife and son will go to El Paso at the close of the school year here.

The fifth month of the school year in Roswell shows a total of 1,161 students enrolled. The unclassified room is proving popular. This room was established for those pupils who were deficient in English or who entered school in the middle of a term.

Farmers of the French and Miami districts are planning a farmers' week, to begin February 15.

A donation of \$1,000 for additional and increased premiums at the Colfax county fair was announced at the meeting of the fair association held last week. The premium list is to be in the hands of the farmers by March 1.

The New Mexico Sunday school association is offering \$5 prizes in each county for the best essay on prohibition written by a school child, with a \$25 prize for the best article written in the state.

Raton now has Pullman service on Santa Fe trains Nos. 1 and 10.

The new schoolhouse at Dawson has been completed and will be occupied in about two weeks. Thirteen teachers are employed in the schools in Dawson.

A shipment of ostriches was one of the sights at towns along the Santa Fe one day last week, Train No. 10 of that road carrying a carload of the birds.

Thirty-seven rattlesnakes were killed by reclamation service men about a mile south of Mesquite last week.

Whiskey is supposed to have been the cause of the death of Paul Richter, ex-soldier, who was found dead behind a saloon at Mills last week.

The Deming Rifle club has received its initial equipment from the war department. The shipment includes a number of star-gauge Springfield rifles and a quantity of ammunition and target supplies.

Members in good standing or otherwise of the Knights of Pythias in New Mexico are being requested through the public prints to list themselves with Hugh H. Williams, a prominent member of the order, and state corporation commissioner, to aid the movement for the establishment of a sanitarium by the order in the southwest.

Las Vegas police are looking out for a mysterious masher who has been annoying ladies in the Meadow City.

The town of Clayton votes on the issuance of a bond issue of \$35,000 for the building of a new schoolhouse.

Thomas Upton, who resides about ten miles north of House, raised 1,300 pounds of beans per acre on a ten acre field last season, and received \$3.20 a hundred for them, netting him over \$40 an acre for the crop.

Fort Sumner citizens are hard set at work getting signatures to a petition for an election to establish a county high school at that city.

Elaborate arrangements are being made for entertaining the visitors at the meeting of the Guadalupe County Teachers' association to be held in Fort Sumner February 11 and 12.

In view of the improvement in roads between Roswell and Clovis there is considerable talk going the rounds regarding the establishment of an automobile stage line between the two places.

Injuries caused by getting lye into his throat some nine months ago caused the death of Clifford 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Armstrong, of Cuervo, at Tucumcari last week.

The governor has named Dr. James A. Massie as a New Mexico delegate to the convention on medical education, public health and medical licensure to be held in Chicago February 7 and 8.

The results of swallowing some carbolic acid on which he accidentally laid his hands, together with burns inflicted by the acid, may prove fatal to the 17-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nicholson, of Des Moines, Iowa.

McFie, Edwards & McFie, a firm of attorneys in the capital, soon will open an office in Gallup.

The small daughter of E. E. Harmon, who lives twelve miles southwest of Grenville, N. M., sustained a broken shoulder last week when the burro she was riding to school threw her to the ground.

Expenditures on river improvement work on the Rio Grande last year totaled \$12,092, according to a report filed with the state engineer by Robert L. Cooper, engineer in charge of the work. Over \$5,000 of this was spent in Rio Arriba county and Valencia, Bernalillo, Socorro, Sandoval, and Santa Fe counties were the scene of other expenditures varying from \$30 to \$2,700.

The First National bank of Santa Fe has purchased an immense chime clock to be placed on its building on the plaza.

After waiting for many weeks, the November salaries of the state officials at last have been paid. Delays in making the tax rolls, due to changing over to the Bureau tax law, were responsible, because collections usually made in November could not be made until this month.

Counsel Saturday argued a motion for a new trial in the Waddell-Manby breach of promise case, wherein Miss Margaret Waddell, of Los Angeles, recently was awarded heart balm and expenses to the tune of \$16,700 in an action against A. R. Manby, of Taos. The case is in the federal court at Santa Fe.

Alvan N. White, superintendent of public instruction, has named J. H. Wagner, superintendent of the Santa Fe city schools, a delegate to the conference on teachers' pensions to be held in Detroit soon.

There is talk of a gas-electric power and light plant for Lovington, many miles off from Lovington, in Chaves county.

Lakewood is agitated considerably over an air-gun accident which nearly destroyed the sight of a son of a prominent citizen.

The Peoria Investment company was incorporated Saturday with an authorized capital of \$20,000. L. E. and T. G. Drew, of Peoria, and Lewis D. Wall, of Fort Worth, are the incorporators. The amount paid in is \$2,280.

Estancia is agitating the question of a new school building or considerable improvements to the existing structure, to provide needed facilities. It is said to be only a short time until a complete high school course will be demanded at Estancia.

As a demonstration of the work done by the Normal university at Las Vegas, which is making a specialty of folk dance instruction, a program of folk dancing, gymnasium drills and games will be rendered by the students Friday evening at the Las Vegas armory.

Christian & Co. INSURANCE.

NOTICE OF MEETING OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

The Board of County Commissioners and Assessor will meet in the office of the Commissioners in Carlsbad, at ten o'clock A. M., Monday, February 14th, 1916, for the purpose of classifying and fixing the values for taxation on all lands in Eddy county. Individual or committees from all sections of the County will be heard by the Assessor and Board of County Commissioners as to the values and classes of lands in their respective neighborhoods, before action is taken in classifying and fixing values for the year 1916.

The Board will appreciate any assistance that will prevent injustice to any section of the county.

C. W. REEMAN, Chairman.

4-Feb-2

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Serial No. 015599.

United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, January 21, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Lewis G. LaChapelle and Cecelia LaChapelle, by Bart A. Nymeyer, their attorney in fact, have filed in this office their application No. 015599 to enter under the provisions of the Act of June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 36) the following described lands, to-wit:

Northeast Quarter (NE 1-4) of the Northwest Quarter (NW 1-4), Section Fourteen (14), Township Twenty-two (22) North, Range Thirty-five (35) East, N. M. P. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands above described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal of said land to the applicants, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 29th day of February, 1916.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

1st. Pub. Jan. 28, 1916.  
Last Pub. Feb. 25, 1916.

APPLICATIONS FOR GRADING PERMITS.—NOTICE is hereby given that all applications for permits to grade cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and goats within the ALAMO NATIONAL FOREST during the season of 1916 must be filed in my office at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on or before March 1, 1916. Full information in regard to the grading fees to be charged and blank forms to be used in making applications will be furnished upon request. R. F. BALTHIS, Supervisor. Jan. 28—Feb. 25.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, December 31, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910, and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 6088. Serial No. 033604. N 1-2, Sec. 25, Tp. 25-S, Range 37-E, N. M. P. Mer., 320 acres.

List No. 6089. Serial No. 033605. N 1-2, SW 1-4, Sec. 30, Tp. 25-S, Range 38-E, N. M. P. Mer., 480 acres.

List No. 6079. Serial No. 033607. Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, S 1-2 NE 1-4, S 1-2 NW 1-4, Sec. 1, Tp. 19-S, Range 34-E, N. M. P. Mer., 344.48 acres.

List No. 6080. Serial No. 033608. W 1-2 NE 1-4, Sec. 19, Tp. 20-S, Range 33-E, NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Sec. 17, Tp. 20-S, Range 35-E, N. M. P. Mer., 120 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

21-Jan-4

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, November 30, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910 and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 6095. Serial No. 033637. SW 1-4 NE 1-4, Sec. 20, NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Sec. 29, Tp. 25-S, Range 21-E, N. M. P. Mer., 80 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

14-Jan-5

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

020259

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, Jan. 10, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that J. Stanislaus Stachowiak, of Carlsbad, N. M., who, on Sept. 25, 1909, made HD E. Serial No. 020259 for W 1-2 NW 1-4 and W 1-2 SW 1-4, Section 21, Township 21-S, Range 27-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. R. O'Quinn, Probate Clerk of Eddy County, at Carlsbad, New Mexico, on Feb. 15, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Washington W. Simpson, Christopher C. Hutto, Henry H. Clark, John G. Smith, all of Carlsbad, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Jan. 14—Feb. 11

NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, Eddy County, New Mexico.

No. 306.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles Burton, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that R. E. Hillger, Administrator of the estate of Charles Burton, deceased, having filed in this court his first and final report of his administration of said estate, and a petition for his discharge as administrator of said estate, the hearing of the same has been fixed by the court for the 6th day of March, 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the court room of said court in the Court House at Carlsbad, Eddy County, New Mexico, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified thereof and there to appear and show cause, if any they have, why the said report should not be settled and allowed and said administrator discharged.

R. E. HILLGER, Administrator.

Jan. 14-Feb 4

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIR SHOP

DON'T MISS THE PLACE—FIRST DOOR SOUTH OF JACOB J. SMITH TAILOR SHOP.

I wish to announce to the people of Carlsbad and surrounding country that I have opened up a Boot and Shoe Repair Shop in the U. S. Market building and am prepared to do all kinds of

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIR WORK ON SHORT NOTICE.

Will Take Orders for Cow Boy Boots

PRICES REASONABLE.

H. J. SLEASE